A Trick for Tyburn: OR A PRISON RANT. BEING A SONG of the Prisoners of *Newgate*, at the *GAOL-DELIVERY*.

To the Tune of *Hark the Thundering Canons Rore*

TRumpets sound and *Steeples* Ring
Every Loyal Subject Sing,
With a Health to *James* our *King*
For his Pardon granted.
Prisoners half Dead that lay,
Clos'd in *Stone*, in stead of *Clay*,
Have their Liberty to Day,
Which before they wanted.

Newgate lately did bring forth
Seventy Children at a Birth,
All in Wantonness and Mirth,
At a Gaol-Delivery.
But her Keepers they Ly In,
Money sick for want of Sin;
They will look both Pale and Thin,
Till a new Recovery.

Now the Doors are open wide,
Jack may take his Mare and Ride,
With a Leg on every side;
And the Jade be flinging.
Take her Halter *Ketch*, and try
What's the neareſt courſe to Die;
And we'll write thine *Elegy*,
He's Hang'd for want of Hanging.

Henceforth we will Steal no more,
Tho we should be ne'r ſo Poor,
If (by chance) we take a Whore
In ſingle Fornication.
We Get a Soldier to the King,
Or a Sea-man who doth bring
From the *Indies* every thing,
It doth not Wrong the Nation.

We were Rebels (more than Baſe)
To abuſe an act of Grace:
We'll ne'r do't in any Caſe;
We'll Legal be and Loyal.
If the *French* begin to Reel,
Engliſh Hearts are true as *Steel*;
We'll make their Breaſts our Bullets feel
For *James* our King the Royal.

Should our Caſe be ne'r ſo bad,
We will never be ſo mad
As to go upon the Pad,
Whil'ſt our Life endureth
This Rogue that was a great Trapan,
Is two parts turn'd a Civil Man,
And honeſtly Drinks off his *Can*,
And nothing deadly feareth.

We wiſh that thoſe that cannot pay
Their Debts, may have a *Jubiley*;
That Poor Men for the King may Pray
At his Great Coronation.
To ſee the Uſurers go Mourn
And take with *Jack* a ſecond Turn,
When their Bills and Bonds they Burn;
Would over-joy the Nation.

Whittington did build an Houſe
Enough to Starve a *Rat* or *Mouſe*,
But left Allowance for a *Louſe*,
To give Poor Men the *Fever*.
But *James* the Great hath found a way
To turn his *Scepter* to a Key,
And give his Children all the Play;
God Bleſs him then for Ever.

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